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A NEW MUSICAL INTERLUDE,

CALLED THE

ELECTION.

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Miles Peter Andrews

LONDON:
Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at Garrick's Head, No. 6, Catharine ſtreet, Strand.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Trifle is the Production of a haſty Hour; and tho' evidently calculated to amuſe at this *Juncture*, yet the Author flatters himſelf it breathes throughout that Freedom and Indepency which is *ever* ſo grateful to us all, tempered with that Loyalty and Harmony which is ſo neceſſary to promote the general Happineſs.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN, - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
RICHARD, - - -	Mr. VERNON.
TRUSTY, - -	Mr. DAVIES.
SALLY, - - -	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.
WIFE, - - -	Mrs. LOVE.

THE

ELECTION.

A

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

SCENE. *A Baker's Shop.*

Enter JOHN *and his* WIFE.

JOHN.

I Tell thee, Moll, this canting will not do;
I'll ſell my loaves, but not my conſcience too.
Shall I be perjur'd, Wife, and damn my ſoul
To get a guinea for a penny roll?

RONDEAU.

Honeſt John no bribe can charm,
His heart is like his *oven*, warm:
Tho' poor as Job,
He will not rob,
Nor ſell his truth to fill his fob.

Tools and hirelings, I'd black-ball 'em!
For to let ſuch raſcals ſet,
Is as bad as uſing *allum*,
Or as ſelling bread *ſhort weight*.

Tho' I oft am *mealy-handed*,
I am not *mealy-mouth'd* likewiſe;
For a knave I'll not be *branded*,
But declare without diſguiſe.
Honeſt John no bribe, &c.

What becauſe my out-ſide's *duſty*,
Muſt my mind be dirty too?
They, perhaps, will find me *cruſty*,
Who now think me ſoft as *dough*.

I nor mind their balls nor feaſting,
Nor their ſpecious promiſe heed;
What's the bread without the *yeaſt* in?
What's the word without the deed?

WIFE.

Lord! Johnny now, why make you ſuch a fuſs?
What's truth and conſcience to ſuch folk as us?
Nor one nor t'other will, as I'm a ſinner,
E'er give us credit for a Sunday's dinner.
Sir *Courtly* ſays, if you'll but vote for him,
He'll fill our pockets to the very brim.

JOHN.

JOHN.

I tell thee No;—he's one of thoſe, they ſay,
Who's ever ready to talk *any* way;
Loud as a bull, or mute as any mouſe,
A *dial*, or a *larum*, in the houſe:
All ſmiles and treachery, all bows and lies;
In fact, a complication of diſguiſe.
'Squire Truſty is my man, who, juſt and true,
Butters his bread juſt as a man ſhou'd do.

WIFE.

He can't ſay *bo to a gooſe*;—don't vote for ſuch.

JOHN.

Better to ſay too little, than too much.
Our parſon talks well, but experience teaches,
He ſeldom practiſes the good he preaches:
The 'Squire's an honeſt cock———

WIFE.

And ſo are we,
And we may ſtarve upon our honeſty.
Sir Courtly'll get an act to bake on Sundays,
Then we may live genteel, and keep St. Mondays:
Beſides, his friend young Richard loves our Sally;
Sure, for her ſake, you'll not ſtand *ſhilly ſhally*.
Who knows but we may hold our heads up ſoon;
Who knows when you———

JOHN.

Who knows when you'll have done!

WIFE.

Why, hubby, all the world are mending now,
And live as grand as Lords.

JOHN.

The Lord knows how.

WIFE.

There's *Patch* the glazier, who, they ſay's no fool,
Sends both his daughters to the boarding-ſchool;
And neighbour *Squab*, the ſexton's wife, I ſee
Wears a ſilk gown, and drinks the beſt green tea.
This is the time to make us all for ever;
Grow rich at an election *hub*—or never.

SONG.

If in life you deſire to have credit and weight,
To be fear'd by the rich, and careſs'd by the great,
Your vote and your int'reſt will raiſe you to note,
If for int'reſt you tender your int'reſt and vote.

Would

Would you hang on the arm of my Lord, or his Grace,
And familiarly aſk for a penſion, or place,
To your int'reſt he'll promiſe his life to devote,
If you'll promiſe him both your int'reſt and vote.

This engages the minds of the great and the ſmall,
Of our friendſhips and loves is the baſis of all;
Each talent, each virtue, each gift he has got,
Who can boaſt Borough-int'reſt, and proffers his vote.

JOHN.

Sad doctrine this, but be it mine to prove
We have not quite forgot our country's love:
To venal honours let me ne'er aſpire,
But in my ſtation tend my humble fire;
On no vain ſchemes of falſe ambition bent,
My pride, Integrity—my wealth, Content.

SONG.

Whilſt happy in my native land,
I boaſt my country's charter,
I'll never baſely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter.

The

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perſuaded,
Each free-born Briton's ſong ſhould be,
" Or give me Death or Liberty!"

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us.

By law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our houſe is our *caſtellum*:
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell 'em?
No; ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhou'd be,
" Or give me Death or Liberty!" [*Exit.*

Enter SALLY.

Well, mother, ſay—will Mr. Richard's friend
Succeed, and ſhall we gain our end?
If father would but for Sir Courtly vote,
He ſwore to marry me without a groat.

WIFE.

WIFE.

Ah! child, your hopes and mine are wholly over,
I've loſt my fancied greatneſs, you your lover:
Spite of all I cou'd ſay, your father's gone
To give his vote for Truſty—we're undone!
Condemn'd, thro' life, to be the ſlave and ſloven,
We muſt eat *raſpins* ſtill, and draw the *oven*.

SALLY.

Ah! cruel fortune! muſt I then deſpair,
And loſe the only youth that's worth my care!
Then all my dreams of happineſs are flown;
Still muſt I wear this linſey-woolſey gown!
Still without curtains ſleep upon the floor,
And rival the Miſs *Patches* now no more.

SONG.

Adieu to ſilks and ſatins,
To love and peace adieu!
Each day in homely pattens,
I ſtill muſt bake and brew.

Each

Each morn at early riſing,
Muſt twirl the hated mop;
And ev'ry thought diſgaiſing,
Attend my father's ſhop.
Adieu, &c.

WIFE.

Here comes young Mr. Richard—I'm afraid—
Heart-broken—I ſhall die.—

SALLY.

And I a maid——

RICHARD.

Welcome my lovely Sally;—why ſo ſad?
Beauty and youth ſhou'd be for ever glad.

WIFE.

Yes, but our friends will one and all forſake us,
And now we've nothing left but this poor bake-houſe.
My huſband voted wrong.

RICHARD.

He acted right.
True to his Truſt, his conduct ſeems more bright:
Unaw'd, unbiaſs'd, he preſerves his fame,

Would

Would every Engliſhman could ſay the ſame :—
Sir *Courtly* was my friend, to him I owe
The little fortune which I offer now,
To aid his cauſe with warmth, to take his part,
Duty and Gratitude impell'd my heart ;
But Gratitude nor Duty bid condemn
That Honour which ſo often ſprings from them .
Your father's merit ſets him up to view,
And more enhances my eſteem for you.

SONG.

Ah ! let it ne'er with truth be ſaid,
That public Virtue droops her head ;
That Engliſh Faith ſhould luckleſs prove,
Or croſs one Engliſh Virgin's love.

If in my Sally's youthful heart,
Her Richard e'er may claim a part,
This happy hour ſhall ſmiling prove
That Honour firmly fixes Love.

Enter JOHN.

Well friends, the poll is over—all is done,
Sir *Courtly* has thrown up, and we have won.
(*To Richard*) I wiſh I could have granted your requeſt,
But Conſcience bade me vote as I thought beſt.

RICHARD.

Pray no excuſes—we may yet be friends:
Give me your daughter, and our quarrel ends;
Happy to win the favour, if I can,
And boaſt th' alliance of ſo juſt a man.

JOHN.

Take her, ſhe's freely your's, and may you find
For want of fortune, treaſures in her mind.—
But other ſubjects claim the preſent hour;
When conqu'ring Freedom tramples abject pow'r;
E'er now the Sons of Liberty rejoice,
And chearful hail the Hero of their choice.

QUARTETTO.

(JOHN *and* CHORUS.)

Come, then, let us haſten all,
To greet the glorious feſtival.

JOHN *ſolo.*

For what to a Briton ſo grateful can be,
As the triumph of Freedom and Virtue to ſee?—

CHORUS.

Come, then, let us, &c.

WIFE.

Since my daughter will be married,
What care I who has miſcarried.—

CHORUS.

Come, then, let us, &c.

DUET.

RICHARD *and* SALLY.

With joy my freedom I reſign,
To call my lovely Sally mine,
And ſhe, thro' every ſcene of life,
Will prove the fond and faithful wife.

SONG *and* CHORUS.

(*A ſhouting, &c. is heard repeatedly.*)

Hark, hark, hark!—the loud huzza!
Come, come, come, come come away:
Let each Briton now be gay,
This is Britain's holiday! [*Exeunt.*

[*The Scene draws, and diſcovers the principal ſtreet of a market-town crouded with people of all denominations; the Member is chaired, and brought to the Front of the Stage.*]

CHORUS.

Truſty for ever!

(TRUSTY *bowing*)

I thank ye for your favour;
And 'tis my reſolution,
To guard the Conſtitution.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Truſty for ever, &c.

TRUSTY.

I thank ye for your favour,
To you I will reſign,
Your pleaſure ſhall be mine.

CHORUS.

Truſty for ever, &c.

TRUSTY.

I thank ye for your favour,
Thro' life I will ſupport the intereſt of the nation,
Still bound by inclination,
To this noble Corporation.

CHORUS.

Truſty for ever—huzza! &c.

TRUSTY.

I thank you for your favour—huzza! &c.

FINIS.

CHORUS.

Truly for ever, &c.

TRUSTY.

I thank ye for your favour,
To you I will refigh,
Your pleasure shall be mine.

CHORUS.

Truly for ever, &c.

TRUSTY.

I thank ye for your favour,
Tho' like I will support the interest of the nation,
Still bound by inclination,
To this noble Corporation.

CHORUS.

Truly for ever—huzza! &c.

TRUSTY.

I thank you for your favour—huzza! &c.

FINIS.